

## A LITERARY AND CRITICAL GAZETTE.

VOL. 2.

PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER 27, 1826.

NO. 10.

FOR THE ARIEL.

### THE BOOK WORM—NO. 3.

There are some plodding souls (heaven help their dulness,) who think a man should never sit himself down to a work of fiction; but cling to history, and its all important facts. I beg leave to differ from this honest and honorable fraternity, who are entitled to respect, not for any good reasons which they can bring for their creed, but because it is decisively and firmly believed in; and I would fain, being actuated by motives of friendship, draw them nearer to me, by the thread of my present number, that, peradventure, we might reason together, and instruct each other. I would ask, then, where are the boasted heroes and princes who have astonished the earth in departed ages? The very relation of their exploits comes to us from a thousand different sources, and the erudite historian collects the matter of his pages from other gleaners in the waste and desolated fields of the past—from timeworn sayings, and defaced records on parchment, half decayed and nearly illegible by the mildews of time—from some quaint device on coins and medals—from tradition, which at best is but a shadow. Trace history backward and backward—how soon does it gather around it that dark, that indistinct and deepening nightfall of antiquity, which none may penetrate? Cold and sombrous lapses of century after century intervene, and beyond, a faint ray glimmers on the prominent deeds of some mighty warrior or conqueror, who arose, and flourished, and fell!—Who can rely implicitly on the narratives of Livy and Didotus, of Plutarch or Josephus? Alas! as it has been truly said, "History fades into fable, and fact becomes clouded by doubt and controversy."

Who takes more interest in the feats of Alexander or of Hannibal, than in the fictitious personages of a novel? Where is Antigonus or Demetrius—Ptolemy or Eumene? He knows their history cannot come down to him untainted by prejudice or calumny, untouched by the bias of the historian, or the perverseness which must always accompany oral tradition. I love history. I would not gainsay it—but history alone grows wearisome to the spirit. I know its characters are sacred. Some sacred to infamy—others to eternal re-

nown. But, so it is with Fiction. I should delight to stand by the ruins of Babylon, and hear the hollow murmur of the Euphrates, and the rushing pinion of the melancholy bittern:—To muse by the catacombs of Egypt—the crumpling palaces of Thebes—and straying abroad along the Tiber, look abroad upon the seven-hill'd city of Rome. They are hallowed by the Past—by the page of the Historian—and the song of the Bard. But like fiction, they have arisen—like a dream they have vanished!

Who can go back and stamp *correctness* on the *records* of those departed spirits of the *Past*? None. Then let both History and Fiction claim at least some of our attention. I would linger with as much melancholy pleasure by the Fountain of Vaucluse, as by the Tomb of Scipio; and I would feel as much interest at the Paraclete or the repose of Werter, as at the Sarcophagus of Alexander. It is not History *more* than Fiction, which imparts interest to climes and countries. It is the God-like attribute of *mind*, that sanctifies the sky, and earth, and sea;—and where that immortal essence has shed its magical light, I could linger with untold pleasure—whether it was by the banks of the Avon,—the haunts of the "blind old man of Scio's rocky Isle," or the "Campagne Di Romania," of Rome.

From Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature.

### FROM THE LONDON WEEKLY REVIEW. LOVE AND HAMMON.

I was in company the other evening with the master of an African trader. He was a communicative man, and related several interesting anecdotes. The following particularly struck me. I will not pretend to describe the localities, but merely attempt an outline of the story. The captain had for several years traded to Sierra Leone and the coast adjacent, for gold-dust, ivory, &c.; and about six years since, in an outward voyage, he had called at Sierra Leone, had disposed of a part of his cargo at that colony, and from thence had sailed to another part of the coast, for the purpose of traffic with the natives. In a considerable village, with the inhabitants of which he had previously dealt, he encountered a young Englishman. When he questioned him as to the chance that had thrown him upon that shore, and his motives for remaining among the savages, he gave some slight evasive answers, and the

captain from thence considered it probable that he was a seaman who had committed some depredation, and had fled from his ship; he was a well-looking intelligent man, and had received some education. He stated his name to be William Smith. He had taken to wife an only daughter of one of the chiefs, a mild interesting girl, and for a negress, pretty. Before the captain's next voyage she had become the mother of a fine little boy, who bore no resemblance to her, except that its skin was dark: its features and air were decidedly European. At that period, the young Englishman tendered a considerable quantity of gold-dust, for which he demanded either specie, or something of intrinsic value, the gaudy trifles for which the natives would have bartered it being of no importance in his eyes; and the captain was compelled to accede to his terms. Next voyage his demand was different; he required for the gold he presented to the captain, a cabin passage to England for himself and his little son. "What will you do with your wife?" asked the captain; "Leave her behind," was the reply, "what could I do with such a wife in England? I cannot possibly have a better opportunity for escape than at present; a fortnight ago she gave birth to a child, that has since died, and as she is still confined to her hut, I can make preparations without exciting her jealous curiosity." The captain felt the truth of his remark; the agreement was then made, and Smith desired that four men should be sent after nightfall to a retired spot he named, for the purpose of conveying his chest on board, which the captain was firmly persuaded contained something more valuable than clothes or books. When every thing was arranged for their departure, one of the sailors contrived to get the child on board without observation, and Smith, disguised in a sailor's jacket and trowsers, was equally fortunate. It was evening—the breeze arose, the sails were spread, and the vessel receded from the land. They had not proceeded far, and there was still sufficient light to distinguish objects, when some of the men observed a figure spring from the shore, they had left into the sea, and swim in a direction they were sailing. Presently, as the figure gained upon them they heard wild shrieks and deep lamentations; which the captain discovered, by a hasty exclamation that escaped from Smith, who was then on deck, to proceed from his wife. The wailings of agony became more distinct as the poor creature, with incredible swiftness, followed them; but still as the vessel kept sailing on, there seemed little chance of her reaching it.

For an instant the wailings would cease, and all would be silent; again the piercing shrieks and heart-rending exclamations would smite the ear, and touch even the hardest heart. The captain, from being accustomed to the language, could distinguish that she reproached her husband, and called vehemently for her child, by every expression of maternal affection. The captain turned to Smith, and asked if he should send off the boat and bring her on board; Smith answered with an impatient negative and went below. The captain stood gazing a few minutes after Smith had left him, irresolute how to act; one instant he resolved she should come on board, and the next he considered that if Smith abandoned her, as it appeared probable he would, how should he provide for the wretched woman in England. As he stood thus considering, the voice grew fainter, there was no intermission of the cries, but it was now only a murmuring sound, that was borne upon the breeze. The captain's resolution was fixed, his orders were given, and the next moment the boat was lowered, but it was too late; suddenly the murmuring sound was hushed, and nothing was presented to the seamen's view but the motion of the restless waves.

It is not a month, continued the captain, since I met Smith in Finsbury-square; I immediately recognised him, but passed without speaking; he had a lady on his arm, whom I had before seen, she is the daughter of—but no matter, perhaps it would be as well not to mention the name. However, her father is highly respectable, and I dare say has been imposed upon by some false story. I have since heard that he has been married to the young lady about three months, and that he has been some time a partner in a respectable house in the city; so there is no doubt but my conjectures were correct, that the chest contained something of value.

C. O'N.

#### JAN SCALKEN'S THREE WISHES.

At a small fishing village in Dutch Flanders, there is still the scite of a hut, which was an object of much attention while it stood, on account of a singular legend which relates to its first inhabitant, a kind hearted fellow who depended on his boat for subsistence, and on his own happy disposition for cheerfulness during every hardship and privation. Thus the story goes:—one dark and stormy night in winter, as Jan Scalken was sitting with his good natured buxom wife by the fire, he was awakened from a transient doze by a knocking at the door of his hut. He started up, drew back the bolt, and a stranger entered. He was a tall man, but little could be distinguished either of his face or figure, as he wore a dark cloak which he contrived to pull over his head in the fashion of a cowl.

"I am a poor traveller," says the stranger, "and want a night's lodging—will you grant it me?"

"Ay, to be sure," replied Scalken, "but I am afraid your cheer will be but sorry. Had you come sooner, your fare might have been better. Sit down, however, and eat of what is left."

The traveller took him at his word, and in a short time afterwards retired to his humble sleeping place. In the morning, as he was about to depart, he advanced towards Scalken, and giving him his hand, thus addressed him:

"It is needless for you, my good friend, to know who I am, but of this be assured, I am and will be grateful; for when the

rich and the powerful turned me last night from their gates, you welcomed me as man should welcome man, and looked with an eye of pity on the desolate traveller in the storm. I grant thee three wishes—be they what they may, those wishes shall be gratified."

Now Scalken did not put much faith in this promise—perhaps he looked upon it as Southerners do upon a New England trick—it might be a scheme to deceive him, but at all events he thought like a prudent Dutchman, it was best to comply, and accordingly began to consider how he should fix his wishes. Jan was a man who had few or no ambitious views; and was contented with the way of life in which he had been brought—had he lived in these times, and in this country, he would, probably, have asked for the privileges of striking into existence a big canal, or he might have asked for an improvement in rail roads, or the steam engine, or some such matter; but as it was, he tho't of nothing of the kind. In fact, he was so well satisfied with his life, that he was not inclined to lose a single day of his laborious existence, but on the contrary had a sincere wish to finish life as he had begun it, unknowing and unknown, and even to add a few more years to his existence.

"Let my wife and myself live fifty years longer than nature has destined!"

"It shall be done," said the stranger.—Whilst Scalken was puzzling his brain for a second wish, he bethought himself of a pear tree, which grew in his little garden, had been frequently despoiled of its fruit, to the no small detriment of the said tree, and to the grievous disappointment of the owner.

"For my second wish grant that whosoever climbs my pear tree, shall not have power to leave it until my permission is given." This was also assented to.

Scalken was a sober man, and liked to sit down and chat with his wife of an evening; but she was a bustling lady, and often jumped up in the midst of a conversation that she had only heard ten or twelve lines, to scrub the table, or put their clay platters in order. Nothing disturbed him so much as this, and he determined, if possible, to prevent a recurrence of the nuisance. With this object in view, he approached the stranger, and in a low whisper told him his third and last wish—that whoever sat in a particular chair in his hut, should not be able to move out of it until it pleased him so to order. The wish was agreed to by the traveller, who, after many greetings, departed on his journey. Years passed on, and his two last wishes had been fully gratified by often detaining thieves in his tree and his wife in her chair. It happened that the birth day of the fisherman and his wife were the same. The time was approaching when the promise of longevity would be falsified or made manifest. They were sitting together on the evening of the day that made him seventy-nine years, and Meitje seventy-three years of age, when the moon that was shining through the hut, and the stars, rushed down the dark clouds and lay glaring on the face of ocean, over which was spread an unnatural calmness, although the skies appeared to be mastered by the winds, and were heaving onward with their mighty waves of cloud. Birds dropped dead from the clouds, and the foliage of the trees turned to a pale red. All seemed to prognosticate the approach of death; and in a few minutes afterwards sure enough he came.

He was, however, very different from all the worthy couple had heard or fancied of him. He was certainly very thin, and

had little color, but he was well dressed, and his deportment was that of a gentleman. Bowing very politely to the ancient pair, he told them that he merely came to give notice that by right they belonged to him that day, but fifty years respite was granted, and when that period expired he should visit them again. He then walked away, and the moon, and the stars, and the water, regained their natural appearance. For the next fifty years every thing passed on as quietly as before; but the time drew nigh for the appointed advent of death. Jan became thoughtful, and he felt no pleasure at the idea of the intended visit. The day arrived, and death came preceded by the same horrors as on a former occasion.

"Well, good folks," and he made a low bow, "you can now have no objection to accompany me, for assuredly you have hitherto been highly privileged, and have lived long enough."

The old dame wept and clung feebly to her husband, as if she feared they were to be divided, after passing away from the earth on which they had dwelt so long, and so happily together. Poor Scalken also looked very downcast, and moved after death but slowly. As he passed by Jan's garden he turned to take a last look at it, when a sudden thought struck him. He called to death and said,

"Sir, allow me to propose something to you—our journey is a long one, and we have no provisions; I am too infirm or I would climb yonder pear tree and take a stock of its best fruit with us; you are active and obliging, and will, I am sure, get it for us." Death, with great condescension, complied, and ascending the tree gathered a great number of pears, which he threw down to Scalken and his wife.—At length he determined upon descending, but to his surprise and apparent consternation, discovered that he was immovable; nor would Jan allow him to leave the tree until he had given him a promise of living another half century.

They jogged on in the good old way fifty years more, and death came to the day. He was by no means so polite as he had formerly been, for the trick that Scalken had put upon him, offended his dignity and hurt his pride not a little.

"Come, Jan," said he, "you used me very scurvy the other day, (death thinks very little of fifty years!) I am determined to lose no time—come."

Jan was sitting at a little table, busily employed in writing when death entered. He raised his head sorrowfully, and the pen trembled as he thus addressed him—

"I confess that my former conduct towards you merits blame, but I have done with such knaveries now, and have learned to know that life is of but little worth, and that I have seen enough of it. Still before I quit this world I should like to do all the good I can, and was engaged when you arrived in making a will, that a poor ad who has been always kind to us, may receive this hut and my boat. Pray sit down, and in a few moments my task will be ended."

Death thus appealed to could refuse no longer, and seated himself in a chair from which he found it as difficult to rise as it had formerly been to descend from the tree. His liberation was bought at the expense of an additional fifty years, at the end of which period and exactly on their birth day, Jan Scalken and his wife died quietly in their bed, and the salt water flowed freely in the village in which they had lived almost long enough to be parents to its whole inhabitants.

## FEMALE BIOGRAPHY.

**HARRIET NEWELL.** This pious, excellent, and devout lady, was the daughter of Moses Atwood, of Haverhill, Massachusetts, and was born October 10th, 1793. She was naturally cheerful and unreserved; possessed a lively imagination and great sensibility; and, at a very early age, discovered a retentive memory, and a taste for reading. Before the age of thirteen, she received no particular or lasting impression of religion, but was uniformly attentive, obedient, and affectionate. In the summer of 1806, she was aroused to attend to the one thing needful; to turn her eyes from beholding vanity; and to prepare for that important change which, in her was so soon to take place. At a school at Bradford, she was the subject of those solid and serious impressions, which laid the foundation of her christian life.—From that time she employed herself assiduously, and with earnestness, in the promotion of her Redeemer's cause; and by her conduct and advice, became an honorable and truly valuable member of society. The uniform piety and seriousness of her mind, is forcibly displayed in her letters to her Young Friends, and in her Diary. She constantly lived near to God, and enjoyed daily communion with him.

Called at an early age to reflect on her lost condition, she accepted of the terms of salvation, and justification with God, through the merits of her Redeemer. Every opportunity of glorifying and honoring him, she embraced, not merely as a duty, but as the greatest pleasure of her virtuous and happy life. Her health was delicate, but she bore indisposition with that calmness, and submission to the dictates of Providence, which always signalized her character. She complained much of want of humility, and lamented her deficiency in that christian grace: she longed for that meek and lowly spirit, which Jesus exhibited in the days of his flesh.—In the year 1808, Miss Atwood lost her pious and affectionate father, which was her greatest worldly trial. She greatly deplored his death, and expressed her unaffected sorrow; but she acknowledges, in her diary, receiving that divine consolation which assured her, that though she was fatherless, she would never be friendless: she relied upon Him, who promised to be the father of the fatherless, and the husband of the widow.

On the 27th of April, 1811, she received an offer from Mr. Newell, to spend the remainder of her life in promoting the spread of christianity among her heathen and unenlightened fellow creatures. She hesitated as to the step she should take, considering the subject the most weighty and important of her life; but, after mature deliberation, and an earnest self-examination, and with the consent of her only surviving parent, she accepted the offer of this amiable and pious young man, and she was enabled to say "Here I am, Lord! send me to distant Indian shores, if it be for thy glory." She had often longed to make a female Indian acquainted with the way of life, and she willingly engaged to leave her dearest friends, to carry the glad tidings of salvation to heathen lands; crossed the tempestuous ocean, to spend a self-denying active life, in an attempt to lead the wanderers of Hindostan to that Jesus whom she had found to be her friend in every trial, and her support in every tribulation.

On the 19th of February, after having been united by ties the most endearing and tender, to her friend Mr. Newell, she,

with him, left her native land, for climes barbarous and uncivilized. They embarked, and sailed agreeably, till the 24th of February, when the vessel sprung a leak, and they were in the greatest danger of sinking during the night; but, providentially, the leak was discovered, and prevented from doing any further injury. During that time she felt an entire confidence in God. Her letters written during her passage, prove the entire resignation she felt in devoting her future life to the best of causes; and the heavenly composure of her mind while sailing over the Atlantic. After a tedious voyage of four months at sea, they arrived at Serampore, and after remaining there a short time, they sailed for Calcutta, where they arrived on the 27th of June. At that place they encountered many trials, particularly that of being ordered by government to leave the British territories. Although not discouraged, she was grieved that there was a probability of their departure, being the instrument of discouraging all the attempts of American christians to present to those nations the word of life. They, however, obtained liberty to embark for the Isle of France, and for which place they sailed, on the 15th of August, and arrived at Port Louis on the 5th of September, 1812. Four days before the arrival of the vessel in port, she was seized with severe pains in her bowels, the disease of the country, of which she recovered, and continued quite well till about three weeks before they reached the Island, when she became the mother of a daughter. Four days afterwards, in consequence of cold, she was called to resign her lovely charge, which she did with pious resignation. But Providence very soon destined the mother to follow the babe.

About a week afterwards she was seized with that disorder which terminated in death; and on Monday, the 30th of November, she calmly, and with apparent ease, expired, seven weeks and four days after her confinement. Such was the life of Mrs. Harriet Newell, who, at the age of twenty, meekly yielded to the will of her heavenly Father, without one murmuring word. Young, lovely, and amiable, she entered the valley of death, fully prepared to answer at the tribunal of her Maker. Her life was short, but it was the life of a Christian; and, had it been continued, she would, doubtless, have resembled a light set upon a hill.

But the ways of Providence are as wise as they are inscrutable; and she, who hoped to explore the cabins of human ignorance and wretchedness, and to breathe out her prayers in the hovels of untutored Indians, was unexpectedly summoned to receive the rewards and enjoy the felicities of Heaven. Piety is ever pleasing; but when it is united with intelligence, virtue, and purity in the female character, its beauty is as attractive, as its worth is beyond calculation. Her letters and journal have been published since her death in one volume, 18mo. to which is prefixed Memoirs of her life.

**MODERN FEMALE FASHIONS**—The prevailing head dresses are monstrous.—The bonnet has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished; if a lady now resemble a mushroom, all head and no body, what shall we say to the new Parisian modes which will in a few days, surprise the eyes of the Dicky Sams, and make them stare with astonishment? We are credibly informed, that the new dresses will require twice the quantity of stuff that is employed in making one within

fashion, and that where twelve yards of silk were sufficient before, four-and-twenty will now scarcely make a lady's dress according to the reigning passion. Every lady, we are told, will be on a *hucker* before, and a *bustle* behind; and that, what with pads and stuffing, and whalebone, and the other *inexpressibles* of female attire, which are hid from the eyes of all save those of the initiated, our wives and daughters will, when dressed in the height of the mode, appear twice their natural bulk, and present to the eyes of admiring friends a rotundity of figure truly aldermanic. The shoulders of the gown will, we hear, resemble a grenadier's coat; the sleeves, down to the elbow, will be completely filled up; and a hump, under the soft name of a *bustle*, placed on every fair creature's back, in resemblance of the "envious mountain," "whereon sat deformity," which King Richard the Third wears in dramatic exhibition. The truth is, that some fat, misshapen dowager is the inventress of the preposterous dress which we have attempted to describe. Finding that she stood no chance of attracting observation, when surrounded by the sylph-like forms and fairy shapes of Nature's favorites, this old beldame conceived the idea of bringing up a fashion which should destroy all symmetry of person, by padding, and puckering, and stuffing.—*Albion.*

**TASTE IN DRESS.**—Woman who study dress as a matter of taste, not of adornment merely, are well aware that the colors and patterns of their dresses, do not affect the complexion only, but even the longitude and latitude of the figure, the whole tourne in short; though mixed and contrasted colors are the fashion, they know that there are certain colors, beautiful in themselves, which, approximated, are as discordant to the eye as consecutive fifths to the ear. There is no beauty without fitness; a color or pattern which looks well on Miss A—, is frightful on Miss B—, a woman who has a short or rotund figure should not wear a dress in which the pattern runs horizontally, (a check or plaid for instance) nor one in which the colors are so arranged that the eye is attracted in a lateral direction, nor full nor broad trimmings; such a style of dress adds greatly to the breadth, and detracts from the height of the person. With tall or slight figures the rule should be just *vice versa*.

## FEMALE FRIENDSHIP.

By Miss Mitford.

Joy cannot claim a purer bliss,  
Nor grief a dew from stain more clear,  
Than female friendship's meeting kiss,  
Than female friendship's parting tear.  
How sweet the heart's full bliss to pour  
To her, whose smile must crown the store!  
How sweeter still to tell of woes  
To her, whose faithful breast would share  
In every grief, in every care,  
Whose sigh can lull them to repose!  
Oh! blessed sigh! there is no sorrow,  
But from thy breath can sweetness borrow;  
E'en to the pale and drooping flower  
That fades in love's neglected hour;  
E'en with her woes can friendship's pow'r  
One happier feeling blend:  
'Tis from her restless bed to creep,  
And sink like wearied babe to sleep,  
On the soft couch her sorrows steep,  
The bosom of a friend.

A Georgian editor says he never can look on a lady rigged, as he calls it, in a *Navarino*, but he thinks of this couplet—

"Here I am so brisk and airy,  
Come and kiss me till I'm weary."

FOR THE ARIEL.

## GEORGE MEDWIN.

Still o'er these scenes my memory wakes,  
And fondly broods with miser care—  
Time but the impression stronger makes,  
As streams their channels deeper wear!

BURNS.

Every body has heard of the beautiful village of S—, in the State of New York, with a quiet lake stretching out its silver expanse before it—the rich and verdant woodlands inclining down with a gentle slope towards the water's edge—the well-built, and for the most part, splendid dwelling houses,—and lastly, the justly-admired village church, standing upon a gentle rise, and overlooking the calm lake. Many years have elapsed since I visited this quiet spot, where so many of my young hopes have been formed—where so many halcyon hours of my young existence have flitted past, on the viewless wing of time, yet when I look back, through the eye of memory, how well I can remember, when of a still Sunday afternoon in summer, I used to look from an open window of that little church, watching the gentle ripples, sparkling in the sunshine, and marking the graceful waves which the cool breeze was creating in the luxuriant grass, as swaying beneath its gentle influence, the modest violet and yellow May-flower looked out from their green retreat. Happy moments of innocent childhood! Golden hours, and joyous companions of my early youth! where are they now? They have passed with that resistless tide, which mingles with an ocean without a bottom or a shore! Some of my earliest and most intimate friends have struggled, like myself, with a wayward fate—others have found a home where the turmoils of living existence cannot enter—where disappointment is unarmed of its sting—and where the "cold and heartless pity of a callous world," is unheeded and unheeded.

GEORGE MEDWIN was the companion of my childhood—the warm friend of my more advanced years, and the sharer alike of all my puerile joys and sorrows. We had grown up side by side, and our every joy was equally the happiness of each other. The village school, with its thousand objects of youthful interest, we mutually enjoyed—and when, having grown beyond the teachings of the village pedagogue, we entered college together, never were two persons more united by friendship, which, early formed, had grown with our growth, and strengthened with the lapse of years.

Medwin had formed an early attachment to a pretty village beauty of S—. She was accomplished, and possessed of a sweet disposition. I almost envied the generous preference which she always gave my friend—at least I used to tell him so, although he needed none to remind him what a prize he would gain, who should win her heart and hand. I knew of all their meetings—all their moon-light rambles—and if ever I wilfully interrupted them by seeming accident, it was only to see the blush mantle on Emily Campbell's cheek, and in some measure, to partake of the untold delight, that beamed from the countenance of the happy George.

"Good bye—and you won't forget to write me now, Emily," said Medwin, when after passing a pleasant vacation at home, we were about departing on our return to college duties.

"No, my dear friend," said the sweet girl—clasping his hand over the white wicket gate—"no, I will never forget to correspond with one who has so many claims upon my friendship, and who has

bestowed numerous kindnesses upon me, which I should be ungrateful not to reciprocate with my warmest and most sincere esteem. Good bye George"—and the parting salutation was sealed upon her lips.

George was a happy fellow. For a short time he fell into a musing fit—was as taciturn as if deaf and dumb; but the flood-gates of his joy would open in despite of his regret at parting.

"Well Ned," said he, "Emily is left behind—but no matter—she'll not think the less of me for being absent, you know. Absence will only"—and stopping short, he sunk into the corner of the coach, and commenced humming, "Days of absence, sad and dreary."

"I should laugh, George," said I, "if after all, she didn't *love* you. I think Emily is your friend, but—"

"No more of that Hal, an' you like me," answered Medwin; "for the very thought however improbable, is any thing but pleasant, Ned."

For the first four weeks after our arrival, I knew not how it was, but my friend was sadly deficient in his studies. In declaiming, his piece was badly committed, and in recitation, his lesson was indifferently learned. The mystery was unravelled, when on returning from the chapel to our room, after an unsuccessful recitation, I asked George what had "happened to make him so abominably dull, and cause the perpetration of such egregious blunders."

"Why Ned, she has not answered my letter, and I wrote her a fortnight since. I believe she is ill—perhaps dangerously so."

"The coach-horn is sounding on the hill," said I, "let us go over to the Post Office—mayhap Emily's billetdoux comes in to-day's mail."

We went over—we returned arm-in-arm—Medwin reading a long and finely-written letter, on a small gilt-edged sheet, and I contenting myself with what he read at intervals distinctly, and in reflecting that my friend had found a sovereign cure for the blues.

"Do you think I am indifferent to Miss Campbell, now?" said he, after we had arrived in our room—and he handed me the letter, with his finger on the words, "your affectionate friend."

"That may be too, Medwin," answered I, handing him back the letter, "but affection is not the *other thing*, you know." I said this, not to wanton with his feelings; for indeed there was something in Emily Campbell's manner—a kind of guarded expression, when she last parted with him, that had induced me to believe, that although she esteemed him highly as a friend—though she admired his generous qualities and regarded him almost as a brother, yet she had not yet been led to regard him as her lover. There is generally an eloquent language, spoken by tell-tale cheeks and eyes when young lovers part—a something indefinable, but too apparent, ever to be counterfeited.

"You are right, my dear Edward" said George, "or else Emily Campbell is a heartless coquette—and who could have thought it?"

He handed me the letter—and resting his elbow upon the table, he leaned his head upon his hand, while tears moistened his mild blue eye.

I had anticipated as much from Miss Campbell, although I knew full well that there was not a moiety of deceit mingled with her disposition. Medwin adored her—there was but one sensation towards her, and that was one all-engrossing, ten-

der passion. From the letter which George had written her immediately after his return to college, she had ascertained the fact, and had endeavored as delicately as possible, to inform him that she could not reciprocate his love. She had closed her letter with—

"Do be content to rest with the assurance, that I regard you as a warm-hearted, generous friend—but nothing more—my heart is another's."

It was a mild afternoon in May, nearly one year from the time that Edwin received his first letter from Emily Campbell, that I accompanied him in a coach which his parents had despatched, to his home at S—. How changed was his countenance from the appearance which it presented, the day he left that tranquil village! Instead of the bloom, which had been wont to rest upon his cheek, an unearthly paleness shadowed forth the workings of his agonised heart. Intense study was said to be the cause of his changed condition. It was added, that his warm and ardent nature could not endure the confinement of a college—that it was not his element to be cloistered within its grey walls.

As our affectionate school companions bade my poor invalid chum farewell, they endeavored to convince him, that when he should have been at the home of his youth a short time, that relaxation from study would infuse spirit into his eye, and freshness into his pale, but yet handsome face. But he had a sad presentiment that he was gazing for the last time on the faces of his young friend—that although such was their *hope*, they were doomed to disappointment—and that those from whom he was now about to part, would meet him no more, nor in grief nor in gladness. Although he had indeed studied with the most intense application, after he had learned from repeated letters, that Emily Campbell's affection had been bestowed upon another, yet it was only to divert from his mind her image, and a sense of his own unhappiness.

I have said it was a mild day in May, when we left college—and as we reached the top of the hill, and looked again upon the pleasant village, and the quiet waters of the lake, blue as the sapphire sky which it reflected, George raised his eyes, and with a melancholy smile, observed—

"There was a time, Ned, when I could look upon these scenes with pure satisfaction, and heart-felt pleasure. It was when—"

"It was when Emily Campbell leaned on your arm," said I, interrupting him—"when she drank in with you the richness of this most beautiful landscape."

"Yes," said Medwin, "and that period of young enjoyment has gone by—I am alone as it were, in the world—I have none to fill the place in my heart which Emily has held—and Edward—it is only to you that I would say it—but I believe—I believe my sorrows will find an end in—a BROKEN HEART!"

We had now arrived at Mr. Medwin's. As George entered the hall, his friends scarcely recognized him, so was he changed in every thing, from the gay and healthy youth who had left S—, but a twelve-month before. He retired early to rest, worn down with the agitations of a diseased and troubled mind.

After visiting for a moment my own homestead, and receiving the congratulations of relatives and friends, I resolved to see Emily Campbell—to ascertain if she was really going to be married in a few weeks, as she had written in her last let-

ter to Medwin—and if not, I was determined to set before her his ardent affection, and if possible, convince her that it would be but a virtuous act, for which heaven would reward her, should she bestow her hand, and the esteem and regard of her heart, upon my worthy young friend—save him from the grave, and make him a happy husband.

My hand paused upon the little white gate. I opened it, and knocked at the door. It was opened by Emily herself!

"Good Heavens! Edward Graham, as true as I'm a—but where is George? Have you left him at college? You are a pretty fellow, Ned, to desert him in his illness," said she reproachfully.

"I should imagine his fate could be of little consequence to *you*," replied I coolly, surprised at her apparent deceit.

"You once thought differently, or disguised your *real* sentiments," answered the sweet girl, blushing.

"If your sentiments *were* of a friendly and affectionate nature," I rejoined, "I cannot *now* but consider them changed, from the tenor of your late letters to your friend and lover.

"I have written nothing that could be construed into neglect, or—or—inconstancy," replied the warm-hearted creature in amazement.

"Then," said I, "he has been deceived—most wickedly and cruelly deceived."

"I have written him several letters, but have never received but *one* in return—and that was penned about three weeks after his arrival at college; but I did not doubt him—oh no, I could not."

"There is a deep mystery and mischief somewhere, Emily," answered I, "and it must be ferretted out."

"I thought it strange," continued Emily, "that *you* did not write any thing concerning him—it was by accident I learned from one of Mr. Medwin's servants, that his young master was ill."

"He had wished me to make no mention of it," said I, "but to-morrow will develop this mysterious business"—and taking my hat, although it was at a late hour, I ran to acquaint my friend with his good fortune.

.....

Reader, I will close my story, already too much extended. George Medwin's letters had been intercepted, and forged ones, pretending to come from Emily Campbell, had been sent him, by an envious personage, who aspired to win her affections. The villain had bribed the post master's assistant, and imitated her hand exactly. She had refused his suit—and the evening we arrived, he took his final leave of the village of S—. My companion soon regained his wonted health and spirits—we returned to college, and completed our studies. Medwin, as his old companions and class mates visit him at his splendid mansion, on the border of the lake, points to his wife, and pretty children—and those who, in his younger days, condoled with him, in his saddened hours—now feel any thing but pity for GEORGE MEDWIN.

**A SNEEZER.**—A Philadelphian notifies the world that he has just received an invoice of Jackson snuff, in which, as it is such as the general uses, "there can be no deception." This is a fair offset to the "anti-masonic itch ointment."

**BARBAROUS.**—A Philadelphia paper, describing Mr. Shillaber's collection of shells, recently brought from Batavia, says, "a collection of shells filling 86 boxes," &c.; and that "the specimens are of the finest quality, having been all derived from living animals!"

## THE ARIEL.

PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER 27.

**Fashion.**—It is a fact, and one pretty generally admitted, that mankind are the slaves of fashion.—Its changes, however absurd—its follies, however palpable, are caught with avidity by the *ton*,—and that which but yesterday was worn as fashionable, and beautiful, to-day is thrown aside, to make room for another innovation, which, if perchance it seem awkward at first, custom soon reconciles. How much has been said about the ladies, gentle-creatures! for the delight they manifest, in following the various changes of the world of fashion—Huge bonnets, of "seven stories," with masses of ribbon, ostrich feathers, and what not, have been the theme of the critic—and slender waists and compressed forms, have won many a passing remark from the *corps Editorial*, as well as newspaper scribblers. But while the multifarious little affairs that go to make up a lady's wardrobe, have been commented upon with great freedom, the inconsistencies of the other sex, in the same matter, have generally been passed by unnoticed—though none can say that with them the rules of custom's court are less implicitly followed.—How long is it since the very idea of a square-toed boot or shoe would have been hooted at as preposterous and absurd, and even horrid "in the dir'st degree?" What swain, six months ago, would have visited his mistress, with his foot encased in a *thing*, presenting a square and imposing front? What do we see now? The square-toed boot, and eke the shoe, which, erewhile would have provoked a laugh from the most grave and sage-like, now holds undisputed sway over the feet of the *beau-monde*. Who would for a moment have supposed, a year ago, that low-crowned hats, with widened brims, would cover as many occiputs as they now do? His would have been set down as unfurnished and vacant, who had then predicted that they were so soon to take the place of the lofty-bell crown. Notwithstanding fashion is said to reconcile every thing, yet some of our American Brummels have introduced a new article wherewithal to entrap the votaries of fashion, the whilk we are inclined to believe, will not have a good run—in short, "it won't go down," with our custom-serving gentry. It is neither more nor less, (and our very quill reechoes when we pen it) than—*striped shirts!*—striped blue and white gingham shirts! Didst ever hear the like? Last evening we chanced to walk up Chesnut street, and espied two young bucks—their whiskers meeting under their chins—outside of which looked forth the top of their *streaked shirts!* Verily it moved our risibles not a little; and when, as two sailors passed them with a grin, one of them turned to his messmate with "What think'ee, Jack, an't our shirts getting fashionable among these landsmen?" we were constrained to laugh outright.

**Williams's Paintings.**—We have been highly gratified with a visit to the rooms of Mr. Williams, No. 22 Chesnut Street. They are hung round with many beautifully executed views of landscape and sea-scenes, reflecting no common credit on the taste of Mr. Williams in selecting, and his ability in executing them. The sea-scenes in particular, are of uncommon beauty. Some of them are illustrations of the popular novel of the Red Rover, and were exhibited, when first painted, at Mr. Sully's windows in Chesnut Street. The wrecking of the Ariel, from the Pilot, is one of the most perfect specimens of a sea-scene we ever beheld; and the Red Rover, lying to in a storm, is executed in a style most true to nature. The sailing of the Royal Caroline, from the same novel, is represented exceedingly well. So much are Mr. Williams's talents, as a marine painter, appreciated by our merchants, that many of them have applied to him for pictures of their favorite vessels; and his rooms now contain several highly finished drawings of the kind. The splendid

*Monongahela* is drawn in all her glory—sails set and colors flying. We invite our friends to call and see the artist—for his politeness is equal to his genius—and if they find any thing to please (as they certainly must) let them *purchase it*.

We believe Mr. Carter, in his Letters from Europe, speaks while at Liverpool, of the beauty of American vessels, and their superiority over those, although many and various, which were crowded into the splendid docks of that city. He says an American vessel may at once be detected, by the uncommon beauty and grace with which she floats upon the water, and the neatness, and elegance, generally, of her interior. How many fine ships may be found to outdo those of our own country, in *foreign* ports, we are not prepared to say—but we are well assured that on the sea-board *here*, those vessels will be found the most elegant, which have been made by our own ship carpenters. Like every other mechanical profession, the business of ship-building has undergone many and important improvements, both as it regards beauty and utility. As a sufficient evidence of this, contrast the odd-looking vessel in port, which were built some thirty or forty years since, with those building now, or those lately constructed.—The difference is as gratifying as it is creditable to our spirit of improvement, and proverbial inventiveness.

*The Monongahela*, owned by Messrs. Thomas P. Cope & Son, and commanded by Capt. Charles Dixey, is now lying at Walnut street wharf, and is intended for the line of Liverpool Packets. Thro' the politeness of the Captain, we were permitted to survey it minutely—and the examination convinced us that few vessels are so well adapted to the comfort and convenience of passengers, and none can be more beautiful, or highly furnished. Every thing about her is entirely new, and of the very best materials. The stairs leading into the cabin are of elegant workmanship. The circular bannisters are supported by bright brass railing, with, at intervals, thick cut glass pillars, made hollow, and placed over figured silver rods, which, through the glass, present a most beautiful appearance. The under side of the stairs is inlaid with the finest mahogany and bird-eye maple, and the wainscoting of the cabin is composed of the same materials, beautifully mingled. The doors opening from the cabin into the births, are also of mahogany and maple, as are the births themselves. In these doors are oval blinds, surrounded by a rich lining of silver, through which, and the glass lights in the deck, the births are made sufficiently light. The furniture of both cabins is rich and beautiful in the extreme. The settees, arranged around the mahogany table in the centre, are stuffed like a sofa, and have stuffed backs. The sofas, at either end of the cabin, have elegant carved backs, representing mermaids, fishes, and sea shells. They are covered with handsome figured chintz, which gives them a light and tasty appearance. A large porcelain lamp, of American manufacture, is suspended over each table in the ladies' and gentlemen's cabin. They are finished specimens, and of the most exquisite workmanship. The one in the after cabin, particularly, struck us as peculiarly beautiful. An eagle is painted upon it, holding in its mouth the flag of the United States—and the transparency of the white, clear porcelain, adds an inimitable beauty to the vivid colors with which the figures are drawn. Between the doors that open from the cabin into the births, are half-pillars, (with capitals exhibiting, in *bds relief*, imitations of sea-shells, supporting the cornice, and the light and fanciful leaf-work which extends round the top.)

We noticed in the ladies cabin, a beautiful side-board, with a top of highly polished clouded marble. In short, the chairs, tables, and every article of furniture is of the richest kind, and in excellent keeping with the other embellishments. In the receptacle for the table furniture below, and the cook's apartment on the deck, neatness and utility are very successfully blended.

There is something in the elegance and beauty of a well-finished ship, that almost makes one lose the idea of the uncertainty and danger of a voyage, and to envy the happiness of those who are to occupy this floating palace on the wide ocean—to wish for the sensation of mingled awe and delight they must experience, when "the roar of the waves is beneath the keel, and the floods are lifted up around them," while they look forth from the gorgeous cabin upon the wild tumult of the rushing waters. Yet with all the splendor of the vessel, and the enjoyment that is to be derived on board, the thought must at all times mingle with this pleasure, that there is, to use the beautiful language of another, "a gulf, not merely imaginary, but real, between its occupants and their homes—a gulf, subject to tempest, and fear, and uncertainty, that makes distance passable, and return precarious."

*Indian Eloquence.*—There is a singular raciness—a peculiar pith, in the language of the Indian, far surpassing the studied words and labored effort of the learned. It is the more beautiful, from its very simplicity and brevity. Who ever heard a savage adopt an object for comparison, but it conveyed forcibly and truly the idea he wished to express? Himself the child of Nature, he speaks her eloquent language. He has no far-fetched and pointless expressions—no poor and insufficient similes—but without circumlocution, or apparent endeavor to betray the native orator, he images forth his eloquence in every sentence. Many authors have endeavored to imitate this succinct and happy mode of expression, for which the simple native is so distinguished—but they have tried in vain. Do any ask why? The Indian, we answer, has no idea of eloquence; and without a shadow of high-wrought coloring—without an attempt to exhibit the graceful or the beautiful, he only "speaks as he doth ruminate," in the simplicity of his heart. How many have dwelt upon the thought of Old Age—not less in sober prose, than lengthened rhyme? We have been told that our memory would become as a broken chain, as the twilight of age gathered around us—that strength and hope would vanish in the evening of life, and we should be as though we had not been. From many a labored page have we learned this "in melancholy sweetness long drawn out." But an Indian has told us the same in a very few words—and the eloquent Irving could not improve the sentiment, or refine the language. "I am," said the aged Oneida chief, Skenandoah, to the savages of his tribe assembled in council some years since—"I am an aged Hemlock—the winds of an hundred winters have whistled through my branches, and I am dead at the top!"

We have been led to these reflections, by reading the annexed speech of a chief of the Winnebago tribe to the President, a few days since, at Washington. It was first reported in the French language, by an Indian of the half-blood, and by another interpreter converted into English. The harangue is simple and touching—and the reply of the President, although a good imitation, is far from being as original and pure, as the speech that elicited it. The chief began as follows:—

"Father: I am glad to see you. I hold out this pipe, and I take your hand, in friendship.

"Father: a cloud has been between us. It was thick and black. I thought once it would never be removed. But now I see your face. It looks upon me pleasantly.

"Father: a long way stretched between us. There were those who told me it was blocked up. They said the Red men could not pass it. I attempted it. It is like the plain path that conducts to the Great Spirit.

"Father: when I came in sight of your home, it looked white and beautiful. My heart rejoiced. I thought now I should talk with you.

"Father: the Great Spirit gave to his children, the Winnebagos, a pleasant plant. It is good to smoke. I have it here"—touching with his finger the bowl of his pipe—"I give it you in peace.

"Father: I am as old as you. My heart is true. They told me your heart was black. It is not so. We salute in friendship.

"Father: I say no more. My talk is little. I am a chief among my people.—But one is here who will speak to you soon, and tell you better our thoughts."

We take from the National Intelligencer, the annexed account of what followed.

"The address being ended, a young Winnebago advanced in obedience to a signal from the old warrior, and lighted the pipe with fire struck from a flint.—The pipe was then presented to the President, the chief still holding its stem. He inhaled a few puffs, and as the smoke curled gently upward, the savage group gazed with intentness and uttered a low murmur of satisfaction. The chief then handed the amulet to all the spectators in order, and lastly to each of his tribe. It was next made over in form to the President to be retained; who, requesting the Indian to lay one hand upon it again, while he pledged him with the other, proceeded to dictate to the interpreter, his reply:

"Say to this chief I rejoice to see him. He and his brethren are welcome to me and my children.

"Tell him, it has grieved me that a cloud has been between us, but I am pleased equally with him, that it has been dissipated. It is dispersed like the fumes of the pipe we have smoked. May it never close down upon us more!"

"Say—I am glad he and his companions meet me on this propitious day. Bid him look to the face of the heavens. No cloud is there. The sun shines brightly upon us. The Great Spirit looks down and smiles upon our meeting.

"Say—I hope the same sun will light his path in peace to the abodes of his fathers. When he is gone, I will look upon this pipe with pleasure; and should I hear ever after that in place of pacific, any hostile dispositions break forth among his nation towards my brethren and children, I will say it is impossible. For I have the word of a Winnebago, which must be true, that his people pledge their amity with mine, and have left this pipe in token of sincerity.

"Say—I yesterday beheld with satisfaction the sports of himself and his associates, as they practised their ancient war dance upon the green beneath my windows. But I now experience a higher pleasure—and one the memory of which will endure—in cordially greeting him within these walls, and reciprocating assurances of plighted concord."

Each of these periods, so soon as interpreted, drew forth a coarse plaudit from the savage auditors. Once it swelled to a deafening howl, in acknowledgement of the compliment paid to the inviolate integrity of their word.

From the Winchester, (Va.) Republican.

We have verbally heard through various channels, in a manner which goes to render the fact very probable, that Geo. Van Swearingen, who is charged with having murdered his wife in Allegheny county, Md. in September last, was recently taken near the Red river, in Kentucky, together with Rachel Cunningham, his suspected partner in the crime.

It is said they were apprehended by tavern keeper, (who is also a post master,) at whose house they had passed the night. In an hour after their departure, the mail arriving with Gov. Kent's proclamation describing Swearingen and his paramour, suspicion was directed towards them, and the post master collecting a few neighbors, went in pursuit and overtook them in two or three hours.

From another source we have heard the following history of Rachel Cunningham, to whom Lillo's *Millwood*, in the tragedy of George Barnwell, cannot hold a candle.

She was brought up at Bedford, Pa. where she was probably early initiated into the corruptions of that (during the watering season) fashionable and licentious place. Of her early history, however, we have heard nothing, except that her person was perfectly lovely, and that her countenance was a mirror in which each winning grace strove for pre-eminence. Possessing perhaps as great a share of personal beauty as was ever lavished on a woman in the most wanton freaks of nature's workmanship—rivaling perhaps the fabled nymphs of Gyrus—she visited Franklin County, Pa. where the first act of the drama may be said to have opened. She there ensnared the affections of a Mr. L., one of the most wealthy and thither-to respectable merchants of that county, and affected a separation between himself and wife. Stung at length with remorse, he summoned sufficient courage to break the spell which bound him, and by a successful stratagem, effected through the aid of one of his clerks, he succeeded in extricating himself.

The scene now shifts to Pittsburg, where the heroine of the drama soon captivated a wealthy blacksmith, the proprietor also of an extensive livery stable, whose infidelity threw his wife into a frenzy, and caused her in a moment of revenge and desperation, to set fire to her husband's possessions, by which his extensive stables and forty horses were consumed.

This effected the wife's desires, and the modern *Millwood* was again cast upon the world.

The scene next shifts to Harrisburg, the capital of Pennsylvania, where she soon contracted an amour with judge —, a name foremost in the list of debauchees and profligates in that staid and exemplary state. The consequence of which was another matrimonial separation. Her reasons for leaving the judge we do not remember, nor is it material.

The fourth act finds her in Hagerstown, Md. where she speedily entrapped in her toils the sheriff of the county, George Van Swearingen, who has frequently been heard to say that he never knew or felt the raptures of love until he looked upon this siren, and that he never could look upon her without his whole frame being wrought up to the highest state of bewildering excitement. To her he sacrificed every thing—fortune, honor, fame; for he became a felon—and for he will probably die a felon's death.

A letter from Gibraltar, dated the 23d of October, states that the whole number of deaths up to that period, amounted to about *one thousand!* On the 18th there were forty-six deaths; and on the 23d, eighteen. The rains had commenced, and it was supposed that a continuance, of which there was every probability, would have a favorable effect. There had been no arrivals from the United States, since the departure of the *Soto*, which sailed on the 10th.

**A VALUABLE DAIRY.**—We are informed that Mr. Israel Cole, of this town, has made this season 16,000 pounds of cheese from the milk of only 28 cows—being on an average 571 pounds to each cow. We understand he increases the quantity of milk, by giving his cows daily the whey mixed with meal. His cheese is of the best quality, and fetches, with his established customers in New York, one or two cents per pound more than that of the ordinary dairies.—Such a dairy when cheese was at the price of 12½ cents per pound, would make a man rich in a few years, and even at the present moderate prices, is no contemptible income.—*Berkshire American.*

The Louisville Public Advertiser, of Nov. 29, says that 'General Jackson will proceed to Washington about the 1st of February, to enter on the discharge of the duties of the most exalted office in the world,' and that 'he will ascend the Ohio in a steamboat from that place, water permitting.'

We understand that the President Elect will, if possible, come by steam to Wheeling, (Va.) where he will take carriage to the south for the seat of government. The reports that he was about to visit Pennsylvania, and to reside at Philadelphia a short time before his inauguration, originated—and we believe it had no other foundation, than—in the wishes and hopes of individuals, who, for selfish purposes, desired to bow before him and play all sorts of adulatory tricks, to promote their liens upon certain offices.—*Dem. Press.*

**POLICE.**—We learn from the New York Gazette, that about half past one o'clock yesterday morning, a watchman discovered a light in the Jefferson Insurance Company's office, at the corner of Chatham and Pearl streets. His suspicions were aroused, when he procured assistance and entered the office through the rear. Two young men, about 20 years of age, were found in the office, busily engaged in rumaging the desks, &c. They were immediately secured and brought to the watch house, and in the morning underwent an examination before the Police Magistrates. They gave their names James Hardcastle and William Phillips. They were fully committed for trial.

Madame Ganbert, the robbery of whose store was announced in Montreal, has taken French leave of her creditors, and gone off in the direction of the United States. It is now understood that the robbery was all a sham, and that the articles said to be carried off were secreted by her. One of her women has been questioned since her departure, and her answers confirm this supposition. On Tuesday constables set out on the way to St. Johns in pursuit of her, and it is hoped she may yet be caught before she leaves the Province.

**Dr. Walcott,** better known as Peter Pindar, had, for some time, a most violent cough, when his friend, Dr. Geagach persisted in recommending asses' milk as a certain cure. The bard, tired of his importunities, at length quieted him by sending the following epigram:—

"And Doctor do you really think,  
That asses' milk I ought to drink?  
'Twould quite remove my cough, you say,  
And drive my old complaints away.  
It cured yourself—I grant it true;  
But then—'twas mother's milk to you."

It is rumored that Mrs. Jackson intends to pass the first year of her husband's administration at the Hermitage.

## THINGS IN GENERAL.

The people of Fredericktown are, it seems, alarmed and amused by turns, by the appearance in their streets of a ghost, which assumes various shapes, and cuts wonderful capers in the dark.

The number of fires in New York, last year, was 54—the year before 67—the year before that 62—this year, thus far, 131.

A knight of the shears in Hudson, undertakes to cut out all his brethren in the matter of advertising. He says his customers are indebted to him for their best habits, that he has been pressed into the public service, that he consumes no cabbage, and concludes with a promise that he will suit those who visit him, so that they need not be forced to hang upon the skirts of good society.

Madame Feron appears to have realized the expectations which report had excited. Her execution is astonishing. Her voice, though not deficient in sweetness, is more distinguished for power and flexibility.

To judge by the complaints in the New York papers, the inhabitants of the great emporium seem to be in danger of being choked by coal ashes.

On Wednesday, Nov. 12, a new Episcopal church at Greenville, S. C. was consecrated by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Bowen, who preached on the occasion,

    Sure man is naught but grass and hay,  
    Gone to-morrow, though here to-day;  
    Woman's a vapour, and full of woes,  
    She cuts a caper and down she goes.

Two wild Turkeys were shot in the northern part of the town of Northampton, Mass. on Monday last, one weighing 25 1-4 lbs. and the other 18 1-4 lbs.

Dr. Isaac Branch of Vermont, has raised a small quantity of cotton in that state.

It is stated in the Catskill Republican, that more than 3000 firkins of butter came into that village in one day last week. It is principally manufactured in the Scotch settlements in Delaware county, and bears the best reputation in market.

The retailers of dry goods of Portland have pledged themselves not to give patterns of broadcloths, cassimeres, habit cloths, or pelisse cloths, for six months.

Notes of the Dry Dock Company in New York, altered from *two* to *twenty* dollars, have been put into circulation. They are so well done, says the Evening Post, as to deceive the best judges.

About 200 Swiss emigrants have settled in the neighborhood of Buffalo, N. Y. This village is in a most flourishing condition. They have every mechanical trade they want in great plenty, except ship and boat carpenters, who are scarce.

Arks and rafts now pass the sluices of the Shannokin and Dunecan's island dams with safety. A large quantity of lumber and coal has come down within a few days.

The Washington Circus opens on Monday. The Winnebagos are invited to attend every night.

A cabbage has been produced on the farm of Mr. Shrubbrick, near Charleston, S. C. measuring above 4 feet in circumference.

The ship Isaac Hicks, cleared at Charleston 2d inst. for Liverpool, has a cargo of 1549 bales upland cotton; and the ship James Perkins, cleared 3d for Havre, has on board 1352 bales upland cotton and 248 bbl. of rice.

In the London Literary Souvenir for 1829, is a beautiful engraved portrait of Sir Walter Scott. It is remarkable that the painter and engraver are both Americans, and to both is awarded a high measure of praise by the London critics.

The editor of the Ontario (N. Y.) Phoenix, says "it would be a noble act for virtuous fame," if that state were divided, by the grace of God free and independent, to call the west part, "*the state of Morgan.*"

The Governor of Virginia has offered a reward (officially) of \$200 for the apprehension of Isham W. Clements, who recently beat to death his slave, a negro woman.

On Monday last, Mr. Sanford, a mason, fell from the roof of Trinity church, Boston, and was so much bruised, that he died in a few hours after.

About 3000 persons have been vaccinated in Philadelphia, within three weeks.

**THE AMERICAN JURIST.**—The first number of this work is now in the press, and will be issued early in January.

The ship Mary Lord, which sailed from Savannah on the 30th ult. with over 1500 bales of cotton, was but 23 days from her leaving New York, to her despatch for Liverpool.

A pear was gathered at Gloucester, Mass. recently, which weighed 30 ounces.

Horse stealing prevails in Upper Canada. This is not a disease, but it *carries off* useful animals.

James Williams, alias Daniels, a dashing blade, whose gold watch and other ornaments were valued at 7 or \$800, was committed for trial on Tuesday, for picking pockets at the Bowery Theatre.

In connexion with the late atrocious murder in New York, the N. Y. Commercial Advertiser states the fact, "that Johnson was employed to print the Correspondent, an infidel paper."

The first Baptist church in Massachusetts was constituted 165 years ago. There are now in the state about 375 churches, embracing not far from 17,000 communicants.

Two gentlemen of New York, bagged on Long Island, recently, 50 brace of quails, in 12 hours, all single shots and with one dog only.

Only about 350 coasters entered the port of Providence, R. I. annually, 20 years ago: in 1823 about 2500 entered, and 1827 about 4000.

Upwards of 2000 head of horses crossed the river at the Florence ferry, Alabama, during the present season, on their way to the lower country.

A late Quebec paper states that the public executioner is in jail on a charge of highway robbery, and many people think the *hangman* will be *hung*.

Many families in Connecticut have refused to observe Thanksgiving, in consequence of the scarcity of pumpkins.

## ORIGIN.

### FOR THE ARIEL.

I love the country—yes, I love  
    To stray thro' russet wild and wood;  
For like the lonely turtle dove,  
    I long for peaceful solitude.

O yes! I long to tread those scenes,  
    Where Quiet roams the livelong day,  
Where, crowned with lasting evergreens,  
    She revels all the night away.

There is a charm in every sound  
    That echoes from the woodland tree,  
From the Woodpecker tapping round,  
    To the wild Robin's melody.

A charm that seems to lull to rest,  
    To sooth the soul, we know not how;  
As every little warbler blest,  
    Beneath their waving willow bough.

Yon clam'rrous crow that skims along,  
    Is humble Nature's very child;  
He loves to chaunt his woodland song,  
    He loves the solitary wild.

Enough for him to guard his brood—  
    Enough for him the wood to range;  
He knows the sweets of solitude,  
    Nor does he ever wish to change.

He loves to raise his leafy nest  
    Where spoiler's step can ne'er invade—  
Far in the gloomy forest's breast—  
    Deep in impenetrable shade.

There blooms in Nature's rural scene  
    A lonely pleasing solitude,  
When summer smiles in gayest green,  
    Or autumn waves her tawny hood.

And when rude winter wakes his reed,  
    His mantle o'er the meadows thrown,  
Still from the wood some notes proceed—  
    The winter Robin sings alone.

Let summer bloom, or winter blow  
    His raging winds, so loud and chill,  
Yet still there is a constant flow—  
    A source of pleasure lingers still.

### ORASMYN.

We assure the Editor of the Essex Gazette that the article headed "The Times," was copied from another paper, and no credit was given—and of course we knew not where to give it. "The Times" was originally published in the Essex Gazette, and was written by Mr. J. G. Whittier.

## KEEP OUT OF THE KITCHEN.

"Where ignorance is bliss,  
'Tis folly to be wise."

In our college days, we once strolled into the kitchen of the great hall, being "naturally curious" to learn how cooking was managed on a scale so extensive as to meet the wants of some two hundred students. It was a quarter of an hour before breakfast, and an enormous kettle, filled with coffee (as it was denominated,) hung gloomily over the fire. As its contents boiled and bubbled, we observed ever and anon some dark substance, evidently too large to be a grain of coffee, rising to the surface, and instantly ducking down, as if its deeds were evil. What was it?—Of that very same liquid in fifteen minutes we were to partake; we were to persuade our palate that it was a *bona fide* coffee, despite of all insinuations that it was made of poplar leaves and damaged rye. What could that mysterious black substance be? Was it a sturgeon, or a negro's head, or a stick of wood, or a stove pipe? The question was one of great personal interest—curiosity took the alarm—our evil star had provided a cane—we plunged it into the boiling ocean before us, and raised to the fair light of the laughing morn, an *old hat* Heavens! what a discovery—even now we tremble at the horrid recollection.

In a few minutes we were in the breakfast hall, carrying the hat on the cane's point. There were our class-mates masticating, with all their might, the toughest bread in Christendom, and pouring down their devoted throats, cup after cup of that infernal beverage. I took my place next to my friend Frank Stanley.

"Frank, what are you drinking?"

"Coffee."

"Will you take your oath of that?"

"What the deuce do you mean?"

"I have been in the kitchen—I have made a terrible discovery—put down that cup, for mercy's sake!"

(Here the whole table caught the alarm—"speak out, speak out," resounded on all sides.)

"Fellow-Juniors, you fondly imagine that you have been drinking coffee—no such thing—you have been drinking *HAT-SOUP*—here is the hat itself—(holding up the still reeking and horrible mass, which had been boiled into a polygon)—five minutes ago I fished this out of the coffee-kettle!"

That same Junior Class was composed of as many reckless dare-devils as were ever congregated under one roof—they cared nothing for thunder-claps, or stages in the process of being capsized—they had once set at defiance all the militia of — county; but this discovery was too much for them—every one was appalled, and they all left the room muttering execrations.—That night the cook was tarred and feathered, and rode on a rail, and the keeper of the hall was burnt in effigy. I never took another cup of college-coffee.

The story has its moral. Curiosity, which kicked Eve out of Eden, and sent Doctor Faustus to Old Nicholas, (familiarly called Old Nick,) is as fatal to the physical as it is to the intellectual appetite. The tree of knowledge is not the tree of life—and if we gather the fruit of the former, we lose our relish for that of the latter. Reader, if you are inclined to inquietude—if you live in an after-dinner dread of apoplexy—in three weeks you will be as thin as Cassius without his "hungry look." But if you wish to enjoy the good things of life, seek not to be wise, but above all things *keep out of the kitchen!*

So with the Stage. The time was when

we hung with breathless interest on the mimic scene. But, one fatal night we went behind the scenes. We took a glass of wine with Virginius, cracked a joke with Apius Claudius, and made our best bow to Virginia, just after the old man had killed her in the market. The charm was broken—the golden chain of imagination was severed—it has never been re-united.—*N. Y. Courier.*

**ANEGDOTE.**—Some time ago the duke of Buccleugh, in one of his walks, purchased a cow from a person in the neighborhood of Dalkeith, and left orders to send it to his palace the following morning;—according to agreement the cow was sent, and the duke happening to be in dishabille, and walking in the avenue, espied a little fellow ineffectually attempting to drive the animal forward to its destination.—The boy not knowing the duke, bawled out to him, 'Eh mun, come here an' gie's a han' wi' the beast.' The Duke saw the mistake and determined on having a joke with the little fellow—pretending therefore, not to understand him, the Duke walked on slowly, the boy still craving his assistance, at last he cries, in a tone of apparent distress, 'Come here mun, an' help us, an' sure ony thing I'll gie you half o' what I get!' This last solicitation had the desired effect,—the Duke went and lent a helping hand. 'And now,' said the Duke as they trudged along, 'how much do you think you'll get for this job?' 'Oh, I dinna ken,' said the boy, 'but I'm sure o' something, for the folk up by the house are good to a' bodies.' As they approached the house, the Duke darted from the boy and entered by a different way. He called a servant and put a sovereign into his hand, saying, 'give that to the boy who has brought the cow.' The Duke returned to the avenue, and was soon rejoined by the boy. 'Well, how much did you get?' said the Duke: 'a shilling,' said the boy, 'an' there's the half o' t'ye.' 'But you surely got more than a shilling,' said the Duke. 'No,' said the boy with the utmost earnestness, 'as sure as death that's a' I got—and ye no think its plenty?' 'I do not,' said the Duke, 'there must be some mistake, and as I am acquainted with the Duke, if you'll return with me I think I'll get you more.' The boy consented—back they went—the Duke rang the bell, and ordered all the servants to be assembled.

'Now,' said the Duke to the boy, 'point me out the person that gave you the shilling. It was that chap there wi' the apron,' pointing to the butler.' The delinquent confessed, fell on his knees, and attempted an apology; but the Duke interrupted him, indignantly ordered him to give the boy the sovereign, and quit his service instantly. 'You have lost,' said the Duke, 'your shilling, your situation, and your character by your covetousness; learn, henceforth, that honesty is the best policy.' The boy by this time recognized his assistant in the person of the Duke, and the Duke was so delighted with the sterling worth and honesty of the boy, that he ordered him to be sent to school, kept there, and provided for at his expense.

The Table Rock at Niagara Falls has a fissure 70 or 80 feet deep, and the whole mass estimated at 300,000 tons, rests upon a base of a few feet, and threatens to tumble into the river. If it does not fall this winter, it will be thrown off by a blast next spring, and a tremendous blast it will be!

A sailor having been, for his good behaviour, promoted from a foremast-man to a boatswain, was ordered on shore by his captain to receive his commission at the Admiralty office. Jack went accordingly, and thus described his reception afterwards to his companions:—'I bore away large,' said he, 'for the Admiralty Office; and on entering the harbor I espied a dozen or two quill drivers—I hailed 'em; not a word say they. 'Hollo!' again said I.—Not a word say they. 'Shiver my top-sails, but what can this mean?' said I.—Then I took a guinea from my pocket, and holding it up to my peeper, 'Hollo,' again said I. 'Oh! Hollo,' returned they. 'So, so, my boys,' cried I, 'you are like *Baalam's* ass, are you—you could not speak until you saw the Angel!'

**HUMAN ACTIVITY.**—A man trained to violent exercise from his childhood, is said to be capable of distancing the fleetest horses, and of continuing his course when they give up in weariness and exhaustion. His muscular power is immense, as we see daily proved by the weights raised with ease by common porters. However, the exertions of our ablest pedestrians give but a faint idea of the full power of a practised runner. The couriers of Persia used regularly to traverse 30 leagues in the space of 14 hours, and some natives of Africa are reported able to outstrip the lion. The savages of North America pursue the swiftest stags with such rapidity as to weary and overtake them. They have been known to travel over the most rugged and pathless mountains, a distance of 11 or 12 hundred leagues in six weeks or two months.

On the steam boat Philadelphia reaching the wharf at N. York, on Thursday, one of the passengers missed a very valuable watch from under the pillow of the birth, which he had occupied. After a fruitless examination of the other passengers, who submitted to be searched, the watch was found lying in a coil of rope.

## FROM THE TRUTH TELLER.

*The Lament of the Mother over the grave of a beloved Son.*

The Christmas light is burning bright  
In many a village pane;  
And many a cottage rings to-night  
With many a merry strain.  
Young boys and girls run laughingly,  
Their hearts and eyes elate—  
I can but think on mine and sigh,  
For I am desolate.

There's none to watch in our old eot,  
Beside the holy light;  
No tongue to bless the silent spot—  
Against the parting night.  
I've closed the door—and hither come  
To mourn my lonely fate;  
I cannot bear my own old home,  
It is so desolate.

I saw my father's eyes grow dim,  
And clasped my mother's knee;  
I saw my mother follow him—  
My husband wept with me,  
My husband did not long remain—  
His child was left me yet;  
But now my heart's last love is slain,  
And I am desolate!

## THE ARIEL

Is published every other Saturday, by Edmund Morris, No. 64, Spruce Street, Philadelphia, at \$1 50 per annum, in advance.

Every third number will be embellished with a handsome quarto copperplate engraving. Subscribers out of the city will have their papers deposited in the post office the evening prior to publication, so as to reach them by the earliest mails.

Any person who will procure seven subscribers, and remit \$10, at the editor's risk, shall receive an eighth copy for his trouble. Orders for copies thankfully received. All letters must be post paid.